

## Short Poetic Dream 20201224052523825027

Texts Used: [The Wasteland](#) by T.S. Eliot

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

the lady of situations.

here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,

a heap of broken images, where the sun beats,

and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,

the glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,

from satin cases poured in rich profusion.

in vials of ivory and coloured glass

which an age of prudence can never retract

by this, and this only, we have existed

which is not to be found in our obituaries

you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

nothing

i remember

glowed on the marble, where the glass

held up by standards wrought with fruited vines

a heap of broken images, where the sun beats,

and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
and the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.  
a rat crept softly through the vegetation  
looking into the heart of light, the silence.  
oed und leer das Meer.  
madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,  
dayadhvam: I have heard the key  
turn in the door once and turn once only  
we think of the key, each in his prison  
silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.  
and their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;  
you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember  
nothing  
here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,  
the lady of situations.  
here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,  
i remember  
those are pearls that were his eyes.  
are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?  
gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded

i do not know whether a man or a woman

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

with a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

there I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying Stetson!

silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

looking into the heart of light, the silence.

oed und leer das Meer.

madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

i never know what you are thinking. Think.

Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

i never know what you are thinking. Think.

nothing again nothing.

do

you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

where the dead men lost their bones.

what is that noise?

gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded

i do not know whether a man or a woman

but who is that on the other side of you?

the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

a rat crept softly through the vegetation

to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

with a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

where the dead men lost their bones.

what is that noise?

i remember

those are pearls that were his eyes.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

you are a proper fool, I said.

the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.

you are a proper fool, I said.

well, if Albert wont leave you alone, there it is, I said,

speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.

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There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying Stetson!

Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

of Magnus Martyr hold

inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

of Magnus Martyr hold

inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

Nothing with nothing.

The broken fingernails of dirty hands.

The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,

from satin cases poured in rich profusion.

Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

the lady of situations.

which an age of prudence can never retract

by this, and this only, we have existed

only at nightfall, thieral rumours

revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

i remember

those are pearls that were his eyes.

dayadhvam: I have heard the key

turn in the door once and turn once only

we think of the key, each in his prison

the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

a rat crept softly through the vegetation

dragging its slimy belly on the bank

i never know what you are thinking. Think.

i think we are in rats alley

where the dead men lost their bones.

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i do not know whether a man or a woman

glowed on the marble, where the glass

held up by standards wrought with fruited vines

to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

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i do not know whether a man or a woman

but who is that on the other side of you?

looking into the heart of light, the silence.

oed und leer das Meer.

madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,

looking into the heart of light, the silence.

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which is not to be found in our obituaries  
the glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
from satin cases poured in rich profusion.  
is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,  
those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!  
to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours  
with a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.  
a heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
and the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
of Magnus Martyr hold  
inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.  
where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
of Magnus Martyr hold  
inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.  
the glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
from satin cases poured in rich profusion.  
in vials of ivory and coloured glass  
you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember  
nothing



i remember

gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded

i do not know whether a man or a woman

but who is that on the other side of you?

i remember

those are pearls that were his eyes.

a small house agents clerk, with one bold stare,

one of the low on whom assurance sits

as a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.

silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours

with a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

there I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying Stetson!

you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

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only at nightfall, thieral rumours

revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

a heap of broken images, where the sun beats,

and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,

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is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,  
those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!  
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speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.  
what are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  
i never know what you are thinking. Think.  
speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.  
what are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  
i never know what you are thinking. Think.  
here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,  
the lady of situations.  
here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,  
where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees  
drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
but there is no water  
glowed on the marble, where the glass  
held up by standards wrought with fruited vines  
glowed on the marble, where the glass  
held up by standards wrought with fruited vines  
from which a golden Cupidon peeped out  
which an age of prudence can never retract

by this, and this only, we have existed

which is not to be found in our obituaries

where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

of Magnus Martyr hold

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only at nightfall, thieral rumours

revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

dA

which an age of prudence can never retract

by this, and this only, we have existed

looking into the heart of light, the silence.

oed und leer das Meer.

nothing again nothing.

do

where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

of Magnus Martyr hold

where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

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gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded  
i do not know whether a man or a woman  
but who is that on the other side of you?  
to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours  
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there I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying Stetson!  
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where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
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of Magnus Martyr hold  
the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.  
you are a proper fool, I said.  
well, if Albert wont leave you alone, there it is, I said,  
where the dead men lost their bones.  
what is that noise?  
i remember  
those are pearls that were his eyes.  
are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?  
is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,

those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!

here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

the glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,

from satin cases poured in rich profusion.

i remember

those are pearls that were his eyes.

are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?

silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

looking into the heart of light, the silence.

oed und leer das Meer.

madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,

nothing with nothing.

the broken fingernails of dirty hands.

the glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,

from satin cases poured in rich profusion.

in vials of ivory and coloured glass

a small house agents clerk, with one bold stare,

one of the low on whom assurance sits

the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

a rat crept softly through the vegetation

the glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,  
from satin cases poured in rich profusion.  
in vials of ivory and coloured glass  
speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.  
what are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  
speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.  
what are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  
i never know what you are thinking. Think.  
i think we are in rats alley  
the chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.  
you are a proper fool, I said.  
a small house agents clerk, with one bold stare,  
one of the low on whom assurance sits  
as a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.  
i remember  
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are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?  
a heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
and the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

and their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;

dayadhvam: I have heard the key

turn in the door once and turn once only

we think of the key, each in his prison

where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

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where the dead men lost their bones.

What is that noise?

here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,

the lady of situations.

silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

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are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?

glowed on the marble, where the glass



held up by standards wrought with fruited vines

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where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

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nothing again nothing.

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where the dead men lost their bones.

what is that noise?

the wind under the door.

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and the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,

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where the dead men lost their bones.

what is that noise?

the wind under the door.

the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

a rat crept softly through the vegetation

dragging its slimy belly on the bank

which an age of prudence can never retract

by this, and this only, we have existed

where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

of Magnus Martyr hold

inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

of Magnus Martyr hold

inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

nothing with nothing.

the broken fingernails of dirty hands.

my people humble people who expect

i remember

those are pearls that were his eyes.

are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?

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dayadhvam: I have heard the key

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dayadhvam: I have heard the key  
turn in the door once and turn once only  
to where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours  
with a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.  
where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees  
drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
but there is no water  
glowed on the marble, where the glass  
held up by standards wrought with fruited vines  
i never know what you are thinking. Think.  
i think we are in rats alley  
where the dead men lost their bones.  
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by this, and this only, we have existed  
where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls  
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the wind under the door.

where the dead men lost their bones.

what is that noise?

glowed on the marble, where the glass

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silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

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and their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;

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you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

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what is that noise?

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the lady of situations.

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nothing with nothing.

the broken fingernails of dirty hands.

my people humble people who expect

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dayadhvam: I have heard the key

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you know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

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looking into the heart of light, the silence.

oed und leer das Meer.

madame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,

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drip drop drip drop drop drop drop  
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only at nightfall, theral rumours  
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus  
silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.  
and their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;  
nothing with nothing.  
the broken fingernails of dirty hands.  
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